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Lie Still Lady Moth in Our Wedlock Bed

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LUCY ANDERTON

Lie Still Lady Moth in Our Wedlock Bed

Cheap wings don't make it
here. Duck

bites the moon
and escapes. There's

a broken fence
shining, the grease

from Rapunzel's hair
and hands never seemed

as long as that yet
yours reach me.

Shake. Spin
a rush of pursed

affections. Love.
Velour and the point

where cotton grew
from hands that picked

it. You old Daisy. We
loved each other once:

you were my sweet
heart and then a cloud

ate you. Quel Tango! Quel
Cocoon! Choked up

in ropes, a sparrow
strung its heart about

the branches in a wild
confusion of courtship.

There are juries for such
squabbles, and sweet, I

mean sweet, moments
in theatres. Slide over

here. Let me pull
the splinter from your

bite. You believe
me, don't you?

This old
oven heart?